

The Sparkle In Your Eyes

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Summary: This is a little Sabe/Obi-Wan piece i just HAD to write! :D
Kinda mushy...

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AN: Hey! Ok I haven't written any more memories yet but its coming. Anyway this is a little Sabe/Obi story. I've been trying to think of one for theses two but no inspiration came up. Until I read Theed's Trembling Hearts! Thank you so much for the inspiration! This one's for you

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Disclaimer: Gah, we know who owns them right?

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>The Sparkle in Your Eyes

>I sit in the empty hangar bay alone. The silence seems to be screaming at me. Tears stream down my face. The loss is too much to handle. Qui-Gon Jinn is dead. Although I barely knew him, in the brief moments we conversed, he was caring and kind. He seemed to understand my anxieties. And I know he knew who I really was. He knew I was Sabe the handmaiden, and not the Queen of Naboo... the one I was made out to be...

>Another thing that pains me so about his passing, is the fact that his Padawan learner, Obi-Wan Kenobi, is not taking it well... not that I expect him to. Qui-Gon was like his father. There were some rumors among the handmaidens about the relationship between those two. But I knew the truth... and stood up for them too. No one really questioned me about it... but they gave me the strangest looks...

>I wipe my eyes and place my head in my hands. Gods, poor Obi-Wan... I haven't seen him since they brought Qui-Gon's body into the burial-preparation chamber. He looked terrible. Tear marks were visible on his cheeks. His hair was matted. His cloak was rumpled... but the worst thing was his eyes. I had seen Jedi Kenobi laugh before... and I noticed that his eyes would always stay bright as he did so, and even afterwards.

>But in that moment... the sparkle was gone.

>I had reached out to him then, and placed a hand on his shoulder. He

knew it was me. He had always known who I was... even when I was posing as Queen Amidala. I remember when she stepped forward to Boss Nass and revealed herself. I didn't panic. I just looked over at Obi-Wan. He had met my eyes, with that familiar sparkle in his, and gave me a smirk that seemed to say:

>"I knew it."

>A small sob shakes me from my daze. I look up with tear-filled eyes and scan the bay. I stand up and squint. There in the corner, sitting against the broken off wing of one of the ships, is my friend Obi-Wan Kenobi. His head is resting on his knees. His shoulders wrack with violent sobs. I know that even with his keen Jedi sense... in the wake of his grief, he does not feel my presence.

>I walk over to him... as slowly and carefully as possible, and kneel beside him. Luckily I am in the handmaiden attire, so I can actually move. I reach out and stroke his face. "Oh Obi-Wan... I'm so sorry." He stiffens at my touch, and the break in my voice. He looks up at me, his dull eyes spilling over with tears. "Sabe..." That is all the encouragement I need. I wrap my arms around his waist and let him cry on my shoulder... as I do the same upon his...

>I don't have many close friends... other then Amidala and the handmaidens. Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan are really the only others that I trust. Now Qui-Gon is gone... and Obi-Wan is the only one who really knows me... Sabe... and not just the decoy queen. He sees past the surface and into my heart. He knows that we're similar, in many ways... He knows that I can care deeply for anyone...

>He knows that I can cry.

>So that is what I will do. I look up at the open hangar bay door. Obi-Wan feels my head rise from the crook of his neck and his arms tighten around me. "Sabe... please don't leave me now. I need you here..." I feel my lips curl into a smile, despite my tears. "I know Obi-Wan. I'm not going anywhere. I... I need you right now too..." He pulls back from me and meets my eyes and for the first time since his master died, I notice him smile. And the sparkle in his eyes reappears but quickly fades. And he places his forehead against mine, letting his tears fall steadily and mingle with mine. I do the same and feel him exhale.

>We lock gazes and in that moment I swear I can see his soul. I feel myself gasp, but I do not pull away. I bring my hand up to his face and kiss his lips softly. He seems taken aback, but responds slightly, and then we pull away. With a blush painted upon both our cheeks, we hold each other, our eyes tightly shut, his head upon my shoulder, and mine upon his.

>He really does know me...

>"Thank you Sabe... you mean worlds to me."

>"As do you, Obi-Wan"

>And although I can't see you, Obi-Wan, I know the sparkle is still in your eyes... somewhere...

>

>

End
file.